

The History of

Prince VVell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain,

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene.
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine.
Harry. I do not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time;
but also, how thou art accompanied. For though the camomil
the more it is trode on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my son, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous
trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of the neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou bee sonne to mee, here lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall the
blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England proue
a thiefe, & take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to ma-
ny in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient wri-
ters do report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepst;
for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares;
not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes
also: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted
in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. VVhat manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie and a most noble cariage, & as I think,
his age some fifty, or birdy, inclining to threescore, and now
I remeber me, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his looks:
if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the
tree; then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Fal-
staffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: and tell me now, thou
naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Prince,

Henry the fourth.

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for mee
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestti-
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for
a rabbit sucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my masters.

Prince Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay: Ile tickle ye for a
yong *Prince* yfaith.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngracious boy: henceforth nere look
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a di-
uell haunts thee, in the likeness of an old fat mā, a tun of man
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with that trunke of
humors, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that swoln parcell
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuffed cloke bag of
guts, that roasted Mannin gree Oxe with the pudding in his
belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian,
that vanity in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to tast sacke and
drinke it? wherein neat & clenly, but to carue a capon & eat it?
wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany?
wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in
nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Fal-
staffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Pri.* I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe,
were to say more then I know: that he is old, the more the pit-
tie, his white haire do witnesse it: but that he is, sauing your re-
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke and sugar be
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry bee a sin,
the many an old host that I know, is damnd: if to be fat, be to bee
hated, the Pharaos lean kine ar to be loued. No, my good lord,
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poincs, but for sweete Iacke

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Falstaffe,